

# VERMONT PHENIX.

BY WM. E. RYTHR.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt. SEPTEMBER 20, 1844.

VOL. XI.—NO. 4.

## WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS; OR INDIAN PURGATIVE.

THOUGH many medicines have been before the public for a much longer period than WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, yet none stands now in higher repute, or has more rapidly attained a firm hold upon popular estimation. The thousands that have used them throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, all bear cheerful testimony to their thorough efficacy and mild operation when employed in the most distressing disorders "which flesh is heir to."

The theory of disease on which WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded, is this, viz.: that there is only one primary cause of all the disorders that afflict the human family, and that is corrupt humor; or, in other words—*Iniquity of Blood*. This principle is now as generally admitted, that it may in fact be said to be sustained by an universality of opinion, the few dissenters constituting but a feeble minority. It is useless, therefore, to discuss the soundness of this theory in this place and connexion.

The one disease principle being admitted, the mode of attack proposed by all practitioners becomes the same—namely, purgation. But many of the so-called specifics made before the public, produce only one form of Purgation; they are either Sudorific, Cathartic, Diuretic, or Expectorant. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS combine all these properties, and are therefore calculated to attack the elements of disease at all points, and by a harmonious and combined operation to expel it radically from the system. Their effects are almost magical, and is no less astonishing for its mildness than its efficacy. Both sexes and all ages may employ them, according to the directions without fear, for while they are certain to cure all diseases that are remediable, they never inflict an injury upon the system.

These PILLS as we before remarked, operate by purgation—by thoroughly cleansing the entire system from all impurities, and making the invalid in the homely, but expressive phrase "*new man*," whether the disease is INCLINED CONSUMPTION, which insidiously attacks the Lungs, producing that dry hacking cough so painful to the friendly ear; or cutaneous, showing itself upon the skin in eruptions or blotches; whether the Kidneys or the Bowels be the affection. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are equally efficacious in warding off danger. These expectorant, cathartic, sudorific and diuretic qualities enable them to take hold of each form of disease.

The perfect safety of the medicine is another all-important quality, and one which has contributed more than any thing else to its extension and popularity.

In a word, this medicine commands itself strongly to the patronage of the public, and its use bids fair to become before long, almost universal.

### CAUTION.

The citizens of New England are respectfully informed that in consequence of the great popularity which WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have earned by their astonishing goodness, a gang of Counterfeits are now industriously engaged in palming in the unsuspecting, a worthless, and perhaps dangerous medicine, under the name of Indian Vegetable PILLS.

This is to inform the public, that the genuine medicine has on the boxes,

### Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS, (INDIAN PURGATIVE)

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

And also around the border of the label will be found in small type,

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerks Office, of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable PILLS are provided with a certificate of agency signed by

### William Wright, Vice President

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH, and that peddlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine medicine. All travelling Agents will be provided with a certificate of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

The following highly respectable persons have been appointed agents for the sale of the above named

### Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS, OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

#### AGENTS' NAMES.

DUTTON & CLARK, Brattleboro; M. Whitfield, Vernon; Henry Holmes, Grafton; Wm. Harries & Sons, Windham; Niles Aldrich, Londonderry; David F. Cushing, Cambridge Port; Birchard & Sawyer, Fayetteville; D. W. Grimes, Saxton's River; G. W. Daniell, Westminster; P. R. Channing & Co., Patney; Green & Fleming, Bellows Falls; Joel Codding, Brookline; B. Birchard, Dummerston; Chester Olds & Co., Fayetteville; Plimpton & Higgins, Wardsboro; Merrifield & Newell, Jamaica; F. G. Stanley, Wilmington; J. H. Rice, Wardsboro; Jesse Cone, Marlboro; S. F. Thompson, Townshend; N. Cheney, Jr., Townshend; Sanford, Plumb, West Halifax; Thomas Cook, Jr., West Townshend; Winn & Chase, Whitington; B. B. Murdock, Northfield, Mass.; T. O. Sparhawk, Greenfield, Mass.; Brown & Hunt, Hinsdale, N. H.; C. Far, Chesterfield; O. B. Huggins, Chesterfield Factory; Wm. Cobb, Warwick, Mass.; A. Ferry, Bernardston.

The only Office in Boston where the Indian Vegetable PILLS can be obtained is at

**198 TREMONT STREET.**

Principal Office and Central Depot,

Race

street, Philadelphia.



#### CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

THE best medicine known to man for incipient Consumption, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

#### NATURE'S OWN PRESCRIPTION.

A compound Balsomical preparation of the *Prunus Virginiana* or "Wild Cherry Bark," combined with the *Extract of Tar*, prepared by a new chemical process, approved and recommended by the most distinguished physicians, and universally acknowledged the most valuable medicine ever discovered.

#### NO QUACKERY!!! NO DECEPTION.

All published statements of cures performed by this medicine are, in every respect, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," as spurious imitations are abroad.

Orders from any part of the country should be addressed to Isaac Butts, No. 125, Fulton street, New York.

Sold in Brattleboro by DUTTON & CLARK, Fayetteville, H. E. Baker. 194.

## HOW TO COAX A HUSBAND.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

### CHAPTER I.

"How happy you must be," said the young Estelle to her cousin, Mrs Reed Williams, the bride of a year. "You have one of the best husbands, the handsomest house, and the prettiest location in our beautiful city. Then the furniture is really superb; it seems to me that I would almost get married myself could I have every thing I might wish so quickly laid at my feet by a husband lover." "But how is this," and the laughing girl became serious with deep anxiety, "tears when I expected laughter, what can be the matter? What have I said?" Emelie, dear Emelie, are you not happy?"

The young wife made no reply, but bowed her head upon the shoulder of her sympathizing friend and indulged in a long and passionate flow of tears. The alarmed and agitated Estelle could endure it no longer; she raised her friend tenderly in her arms and kissed away the tears from her cheek; she smoothed the soft brown hair which had fallen over her face, and when her caresses had won her smile of love, she whispered softly "Dearest Emelie, may I not share your grief? Have I wounded your feelings by my thoughtless gaiety? Are you not happy as I supposed?"

"You will laugh at me, Estelle, if I tell you why I wept. Indeed it is too trifling; I must not betray such weakness even to you," and a smile broke over the countenance so recently suffused in tears.

"There, the sun's come out, the sun's come out," exclaimed Estelle, merrily clapping her hands as she spoke, "now tell me all, or I will never forgive you. Come, now to confession. Did your lord and master look unusually grave this morning?"

"Nay." Did he find fault with the coffee? "No," Did he say the toast was too dry? "Oh, no." "That the bread was stale?" "No." "That your morning dress was too negligent?" "No." "What could it be then?" and the arch girl leaned her forehead on her hand as if in deep thought, "what else could call down a husband's censure and what but a husband's censure could bring forth a young wife's tears? Oh, I know, said she whispering—"he forgot to kiss you when he went out."

"I thought," said he hesitatingly, "I thought smoke was very disagreeable to you."

"Come now, Estelle, quit this nonsense, and I will tell you. I believe I am growing jealous. You know I always disliked smoking, but I cannot persuade him to leave off. I am beginning to think that he loves his cigar better than he does me, or he could not resist my persuasions."

"But you must coax him." "I have—" "Well, you must keep coaxing." "It is no use." "Did you say, 'my dear husband'?"

Emelie laughed, and was silent. "Did you say, 'Ah, do'?" "Yes, but he said, 'Ah, no!' In truth, I began to think he does not like to be coaxed."

"Nonsense, you never saw a being yet that did not. Now I will tell you what to do—I know when he comes, you always run to meet him and he kisses you. Don't blush so, it is all a matter of fact. Now to day when he does so just say to him, my dear, the smell of smoke is very disagreeable to me, I shall not let you kiss me any more till you leave it off." Will you say this?"

"I will think of it," said Emelie, and the friends parted.

### CHAPTER II.

Emelie Williams sat alone in her boudoir, her hands clasped upon a small table, and her head resting upon her hands. Its marble top was a strange contrast to her feverish brow, but it was not more cold than her heart. She was thinking of her husband.—For the first time since their marriage he had left her without a kiss, and it was her own fault too. It was strange how such a trifle had become so necessary to her happiness. She looked at her work-basket, to see if there were anything which might divert her thoughts. There was a doll which she was dressing for the fair of the "Female Charitable Society," but the satin gauze seemed perfectly untractable, they would not look well, and that never changing smile on the face was more than she could endure. She flung it back again, and heaped up the muslin, laces and bits of ribbon in most unwanted confusion, as if to hide it. She wished she had taken some more useful work; if it had been a frock for some poor woman or little ragged child, she thought it would have fixed her attention. Then she wound up her musical box, but she could not bear its sound, and was glad when it ceased. Even the page of a favorite periodical which had just been laid upon the table, were not devoured with eagerness as usual, and her little pet Juan lay at her mistress' feet as if she had no customary cares to bestow. The truth was, her womanly pride was aroused, and even in her solitude she would have been ashamed to weep, but she sat listlessly thus in that utter loneliness of spirit which dreads communion with herself. She was glad when a well known tap announced her friend Estelle, and started up with a smile to return her affectionate greeting.

"Well sister, (they were used to call each other,) I thought I would just run over and see what was the result of your experiment. Did you say what I told you?"

"I did." "And what did your husband say?"

"He said, 'very well, my dear, then you can go without your kiss.'"

"Of course then, you intend to do so."

"But what can I do," said Emelie despairingly. "I like my kiss as well as he does, and of course I cannot now take back what I have said?"

Estelle felt at that moment as if she would

never advise any one again, but she smiled as she said, "Then persevere my friend, and a few days will show the result. If you succeed, think how much more pleasant it will be to have the kisses without the smell of tobacco, and I will give you as many as you wish in the meanwhile," she roguishly added, covering the cheek, and lips and brow of her friend with those eloquent testimonials of affection.

### CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Reed Williams had never looked more beautiful than she did that evening when her husband returned. Perhaps there had been more than usual solicitude about the shade of a ribbon or the adjustment of a curl, but if there was, looking glasses tell no tales, and neat and plain attire would not proclaim the fact to an ordinary observer. She started nervously as he entered, but she controlled herself and greeted him kindly and calmly as usual.

"Well, my dear," said he, advancing gaily, "I have not been smoking to day."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear husband," exclaimed Emelie in the fulness of her heart, "you will never smoke any more, will you?" and her soft pleading eyes were raised to his with an expression that amply repaid him for the sacrifice.

Days passed and the young wife felt happier than she had ever felt before, for her heart's idol had relinquished even his favorite cigars, and for her sake.

One evening, as he sat by her side, she thought he seemed unusually depressed, and her cheerful smiles and her animated conversation failed to restore his wonted gaiety. She did not ask the cause, but she almost felt as if she had been selfish in exacting such a sacrifice as she knew it to be. At length he arose. "Emelie, I think I must have a cigar." No word of fond entreaty stayed his course, and he soon returned.

"Did he find fault with the coffee?" "No," "Did he say the toast was too dry?" "Oh, no." "That the bread was stale?" "No." "That your morning dress was too negligent?" "No." "What could it be then?" and the arch girl leaned her forehead on her hand as if in deep thought, "what else could call down a husband's censure and what but a husband's censure could bring forth a young wife's tears? Oh, I know, said she whispering—"he forgot to kiss you when he went out."

He looked up in her face, but he could not read the expression there. It was not grief, disappointment, anger or love, but a most marvelous calmness. He was about to retire to his studio, where he generally indulged in the luxury of smoking, but a soft tone recalled him. "Will you not stay with me?"

"I thought," said he hesitatingly, "I thought smoke was very disagreeable to you."

"It will be more disagreeable still, if it deprives me of my husband's company," said Emelie, as she gently drew him back into the room, and placing a luxurious rocking chair for his reception seated herself by his side.

She then selected two cigars from the lot, lighted one and placed to her husband's lips, and performing the same operation with the other, commenced puffing away with the gravity of an experienced smoker. Both maintained the same imperturbable coolness for several minutes, he looked every instant to see her give up the attempt, and she still smoking as if it had been a habit of years.

At length, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, he flung the remnant of his cigar into the grate, exclaiming, "Emelie, you have won the day—if you will leave off smoking, I will."

"Certainly, I always imitate those I love; but had we not better smoke this bunch, it is a pity to waste them?"

"Well, we will keep them in remembrance of our mutual promise."

"Smoking, how much did you give for these cigars?"

"Three cents apiece."

"And you smoke four in a day, that is a moderate allowance, is it not?"

"It is."

"Then twelve cents a day is forty-three dollars and eighty cents a year; the same for myself would make it eighty-seven dollars and sixty cents. Am I not a good arithmetician?" In one of my rambles the other day I met with a very poor old woman, who with her little grand daughter lived in one of those little wooden houses just over the Schuylkill. I soon recognized her as being the Mrs. Ellison of whom you have spoken as being so kind to you when a child. She is in extreme poverty, and of course feels it more severely after a life of affluence. Now you remember that pretty little white cottage near our country residence, it is to rent, very low, only fifty dollars, and is plenty large enough for Mrs. Ellison and her little girl. Now our cigar money would hire it for her, and the remaining thirty-seven dollars and sixty cents would be some relief to her. Then she will be so near that we can run in at any time, and see that she is comfortable. What do you think, dearest, of my little plan?"

"I think my wife is quite an economist, but I have been so engrossed listening to that earnest tone that I have not understood it all. We must go and see Mrs. Ellison tomorrow, and she shall certainly never want."

Curious Relics.—Among the relics of the Historical Society of New Haven, Ct., there is a cane manufactured from the root of the tree on which the Salem witches were hung; the old oak chest formerly in possession of the family of Aaron Burr, the arm chair of Roger Williams; General Putnam's old tavern sign, with a portrait of General Wolfe painted thereon; a part of the keel of Capt. Cook's old ship "Endeavor," that passed round the world, and finally ended her days at Newport, R. I.; the casket and glass found with Capt. Nathan Hale, who was hung by the British, on Long Island, as a spy, during the revolution, in retaliation for the execution of Andre; and last, but not least, the order book of a British Adjutant, containing the "orders" of the British army on the day of the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, one sheet of which is stained and stamped for eternal endurance, with a drop—a single drop of human blood!

From the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

### A LIVING WONDER.

Within five miles of Huntsville, Alabama, there lives a negro boy. He was seventeen years old last August, and weighs over 200 lbs. But his body is not the wonder. It is his mind, if it may be said he has any.

On the 8th of June, 1844, Rev. John C.

Burruss, Mr. T. Brandon and myself, went to see him, and were amazed. From himself and Mr. McLeome, (his master,) we learned who he has no idea of a God.

When asked "who made you?" he answered "nobody."

He has never been but a few times.

times half a mile from the place of his birth.

He has not mind enough to do the ordinary

work of a slave; eats and sleeps in the same

house with the white folks, having his own

table and bed. He will not ask for any-

thing, nor touch food, however hungry, un-

less it be offered him. He has never known

to commence a conversation with any one,

nor continue one further

**MR CLAY'S STANDING AT HOME.**  
The Lincoln Telegraph publishes the following extracts from a letter recently written by the Rev. Dr. Nash, a distinguished divine in the Episcopal Church, who has resided for ten years near Mr Clay, and who fully corroborates Dr. Bascom's statements in reference to Mr. Clay's character. The paragraphs quoted show conclusively how the great Statesman is regarded by the moral and religious men of his own neighborhood and State, who know him best. Christian voters, read and ponder! The letter is dated,

ST. ALBANS, 24th Aug., 1844.

"As a criterion of the estimation in which he is held at home, it will not be out of place to state here—which I do unhesitatingly, having had ample opportunities for ascertaining the truth—that Mr. Clay has the confidence and political support of a very large proportion of the moral worth, and I may add, of a very large majority of the members of the different religious denominations in Kentucky. There are twelve or fifteen clergymen of different denominations residing in Lexington. All of these, I believe, with one exception, are the friends of Mr. Clay, and most of them are frequent visitors at his house. There are about twenty Episcopal clergymen residing in Kentucky. All of these are friends of Mr. Clay. Of the one hundred and five or ten clergymen I do not recollect the exact number—composing the last conference of the Methodist church in Kentucky, all but three, as I was informed by a member of the conference, are the political friends of Mr. Clay. I am not so accurately informed respecting the political opinions of the ministers of other denominations, as I am respecting the opinions of the ministers of the Episcopal church, and of the Methodist church, I am confident, however, that there is nearly, if not quite so large, a majority of these friendly to the election of Mr. Clay as those last mentioned. Out of the four or five hundred clergymen of different denominations in Kentucky there are not, I am almost certain, fifty political opposers of Mr. Clay."

"The opinion of a great majority of the religious people—ministers and others—living in the neighborhood of, and intimately acquainted with, Mr. Clay, I am confident is, that if he is elected to the Presidency, there will be while he continues President, a far healthier moral influence around the Presidential chair than there has been since the close of J. Q. Adams' administration."

**THE DORR PROCESSION.**—Of the Dorr procession at Providence, which the Loco Foco was variously estimated at from \$0 to \$0,000, the Providence Journal says:

"The procession was counted at several points, and the estimates varied from \$200 to \$900, some of the delegations not joining until the procession commenced its march. The following count was made after the delegations had joined, and was not made as is often the case, by counting the platoons and carriages, and averaging the number in each, but by counting each person in every platoon, and each person in every carriage, and as is near to perfect accuracy as can be attained.

Horsemen,	83
Men on foot,	2473
Women on foot,	550
In 83 carriages,	293

3309

It will be noticed as somewhat remarkable that this procession, to swell which not only this State but Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York were raked, in which over five hundred women, and as many boys were included, does not equal the number of votes which is claimed to have been received for the 'people's constitution' in this city alone! Taking out the women, the boys, and the men from abroad, and it will be evident that not one thousand Rhode Island voters, even according to the suffrage of the 'people's constitution,' walked in the procession; and this, too, in a city which they say gave 3,556 votes for that constitution, and in a State which they say gave 14,000!

**Memoranda for Politicians.**—Anxered is the vote of Maine for Governor and Presidential Electors at each election since 1835. Except in 1837 and 1840, the Locofocons have always succeeded, and their average majority over the Whigs at the ten elections here presented is 6,126. The scattering votes will be less than last year, but greater than any preceding year.

Year.	Whig.	Dem.	All others.
1836—Governor,	22,704	31,837	148
1836—President,	15,239	22,990	
1837—Governor,	34,258	33,879	277
1838—Governor,	42,807	46,216	383
1839—Governor,	34,749	41,038	208
1840—Governor,	45,574	45,507	98
1840—President,	45,612	45,201	194
1841—Governor,	36,729	47,354	2,000
1842—Governor,	26,745	40,855	4,188
1843—Governor,	29,973	32,929	10,105

10)36,640 10)387,806 10)17,610

32,664 38,790 1,761

Average majority, 6,126

A Railroad communication between Portland and Canada is seriously talked of. A survey for a Railroad is already in progress from Montreal to Sherbrooke, and the people of that region are seeking the best outlet to the ocean. The Portland Advertiser says:—(N. Y. Ex.)

"The distance to Portland is as follows, viz. Montreal to Sherbrooke, 91 miles—Sherbrooke to Canaan, (Vt.) 30 miles—Canaan to Colebrook, (N. H.) 10 miles—Colebrook to Andover, 43 miles—Andover to Portland, 72 miles. Distance from Montreal to Portland, 246 miles.

Another route spoken of is by way of Concord, N. H., to Boston. The distances are as follows, viz.

Montreal to Sherbrooke, 91 miles—Sherbrooke to Stanstead, 34 miles—Stanstead to Haverhill, 80 miles—Haverhill to Concord, 79 miles—Concord to Boston, 76 miles—551.

Another route still is talked of, by the way of Brattleboro, and thence to Sherbrooke or Burlington."

**Fugitive.**—Lewis B. Coste, charged by bill of indictment in New York, with forgery, was arrested last evening by Levi H. Smith, and committed this morning by the Mayor, to be sent on to the authorities of New York State.—*Phil. Gazette.*

Mr. J. T. Tollman of Randolph, went to a Miller Camp Meeting, last week, near New Bedford, and came home insane.—*Olive Branch*

"So it seems, defunct as Millism is, it still destroys men's bodies and souls, and cuts them off from the cheerful circles of human society.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Charles Naylor has been discharged by the Mayor of Philadelphia from custody, there being "no cause to hold him to answer," for the part he took in the late riots in Southwark.

**The Last Case of Conscience.**—A New Hampshire Loco Foco has sent to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington the sum of \$14,83, the portion of surplus revenue which fell to him in a distribution *per capita* ordered by the town in which he lives. Believing the Distribution Act to be unconstitutional, he could not in conscience keep the money.

N. Y. Tribune.

I HEREBY give public notice that I give my son, Chauncey B. Dickinson, his time, and allow him to contract for himself. I will neither claim his wages nor pay his debts after this date. Believing the Distribution Act to be unconstitutional, he could not in conscience keep the money.

N. Y. Tribune.

Guilford, Sept. 12, 1844.

ASHER DICKINSON.

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